guide the helm, for he has ſtill but to ſhuffle and trick. The whole ſyſtem of Britiſh politics, if ſyſtem it may courteouſly be called, conſiſting in multiplying dependents and contriving taxes which grind the poor to pamper the rich; thus a war, or any wild gooſe chace is, as the vulgar uſe the phraſe, a lucky turn-up of patronage for the miniſter, whoſe chief merit is the art of keeping himſelf in place.

It is not neceſſary then that he ſhould have bowels for the poor, ſo he can ſecure for his family the odd trick. Or ſhould ſome ſhew of reſpect, for what is termed with ignorant oſtentation an Engliſhman's birth-right, be expedient to bubble the gruff maſtiff that he has to lead by the noſe, he can make an empty ſhew, very ſafely, by giving his ſingle voice, and ſuffering his light ſquadron to file off to the other ſide. And when a queſtion of humanity is agitated he may dip a ſop in the milk of human kindneſs, to ſilence Cerberus, and talk of the intereſt which his heart takes in an attempt to make the earth no longer cry for vengeance as it ſucks in its children's blood, though his cold hand may at the very moment rivet their chains, by ſanctioning the

the abominable traffick. A miniſter is no longer a miniſter than while he can carry a point, which he is determined to carry.—Yet it is not neceſſary that a miniſter ſhould feel like a man, when a bold puſh might ſhake his ſeat.

But, to have done with theſe epiſodical obſervations, let me return to the more ſpecious ſlavery which chains the very ſoul of woman, keeping her for ever under the bondage of ignorance.

The prepoſterous diſtinctions of rank, which render civilization a curſe, by dividing the world between voluptuous tyrants, and cunning envious dependents, corrupt, almoſt equally, every claſs of people, becauſe reſpectability is not attached to the diſcharge of the relative duties of life, but to the ſtation, and when the duties are not fulfilled the affections cannot gain ſufficient ſtrength to fortify the virtue of which they are the natural reward. Still there are ſome loop-holes out of which a man may creep, and dare to think and act for himſelf; but for a woman it is an herculean taſk, becauſe ſhe has difficulties peculiar to her ſex to overcome, which require almoſt ſuperhuman powers.

A truly